

# YPSILANTI SENTINEL.

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Whole No. 102.

## The wreck.

BY A. B. HOWARD, ESQ.  
Onward the vessel bears, like some huge chief,  
Who, pressed by numbers, slowly shuns the reef;  
Sternly defying the appalling reef  
She flings aside, as if in scorn, its spray.

But still urged slowly on her deep rate way  
By wave succeeding wave, the rock she nears;  
The waters round in eddy whirlpools play,  
She strikes! she groans! the yawning rent  
appears!

Whirl! as her pride the sea, its crest triumphant  
rears.  
Hark! frantic horror shrieks along her deck!  
The brave are silent, but their brows are pale;  
They gaze desponding on the searing wreck,  
And turn their anguished faces to the gale.  
That howls their funeral dirge. Of no avail  
To them is now the near and the angry shore  
Whose mocking echoes give them back the wail  
Of the weak-hearted—in the breakers' roar!  
The voice of hope is drown'd; home is for them  
no more.

Hands of friends are wrung; the hurried  
prayer  
Of those unused to pray, is muttered low;  
Some strip, and for the rav'ning surge prepare,  
And some of the pious resignation bow;  
Of the tried spirit long enured to woe;  
See, all remote, a trembling mother weeps,  
While to her breast her first born seems to grow  
As to the moaning winds she rocking keeps,  
Blest omen to all, serene the infant sleeps!

For that unweaned sweet, unsmiling child,  
The bolt of wrath may harmlessly be sped;  
It may—will. The gale has grown less wild;  
A light less lurid from the Heav'n is shed;  
Arouse ye all, as waken'd from the dead!  
A fearless boat comes bounding o'er the sea,  
Its oars are out, its storm-reel'd sail is spread;  
Where danger is, there British hearts will be;  
The life-boat on the wave—the peril'd shall  
be free!

The sea-imprison'd crew, with hope renew'd  
Now cheer their saviours on, and hoarsely shout  
Those heroes in the boat, with features rude,  
And hearts as kindly as their frames are stout  
Their way push bravely through the briny rout  
The small mast bends, but not their purpose  
brave:  
The thorough seaman on his subject wave  
Fell Death alone can stop, when pressing on  
to save.

Gold for the brave!—joy to the rescued crew!  
The wreck is left—the deep hath lost it prey.  
To the redeeming babe be honour due!  
The enraptured mother may a future day  
Shall, as she wipes the tear of joy away,  
How they were saved, relate. All she confides  
That thought the deed of bravery can repay,  
Like the sweet smiles of those that round shall  
press—  
The newly-pluck'd from death, their homes  
once more to bless.

## Spare that Pap.

ADDRESS TO A CITY DOG-KILLER.  
Barney spare that pup!  
Touch not a single hair,  
Of nights I tied him up  
With all a master's care;  
Look at his freaks of glee;  
With grace and grace and grace;  
Then, Barney, let him be;  
Thy hand shall harm him not.  
Though other friends may fail,  
He still remains to cheer—  
That dog with stumpy tail,  
And short and pointed ear;  
Then Barney, let him be;  
That brindled pup of mine—  
Or I will make you see  
Some daylight planets shine.

## The Brevet.

We insert in another place, from the *Gazette* of Tuesday evening the military brevet which has been granted in honor of the birth day of the young Prince of Wales.  
The scale of promotions has given very general satisfaction; the number of officers promoted is 490. The three oldest generals of the army have been raised to the title of Field Marshal; these are—Sir George Nugent, Co. Grosvenor, and the Marquis of Anglesey. There are now nine field marshals, viz.—The Duke of Wellington, the King of Hanover, the Duke of the Belgians, Prince Albert, the King of the Netherlands and the three who have been just advanced to that exalted military rank. Sir George Nugent is 89 years old, 73 of which have been spent in his country's service. He was for six years engaged in the first American war. Field Marshal Grosvenor is an officer of 69 years' standing. The senior General is now Sir George Cockburn; but the oldest officer in the army is Sir Martin Hunter, who entered the service more than 75 years ago. Fourteen lieutenant generals have been appointed to the rank of generals.

Amongst the distinguished officers promoted by this brevet, it may not be out of place to mention here the two gallant Napiers, who have shed such lustre on the British arms in India, and Major General Barksdale, lately in command of this district, and now on leave of absence; both elevated to the rank of Lieutenant General. Colonel John McDonald, C. B., well known and esteemed by the inhabitants of Belfast as the Colonel of the 92d Highlanders, and at present in charge of this district, Lord Sandys, a scion of the noble house of Downshire, and Sir Harry Smith, our brave countryman, the hero of Alwalah, have received the rank of Major General; also, Lieutenant Colonel Rawdon, a member for the city of Armagh, who had been promoted to the promotion to the rank of Colonel.

There is also published in Tuesday's *Gazette* a brevet in the Royal Artillery, the Royal Engineers, the Royal Marines, and the Royal Navy, which we shall insert in our next publication. The navy brevet contains the promotions of only 213 officers, not half the number of the promotions in the army, and has not, therefore, we believe, given general satisfaction.—*Belfast News Letter.*

We read in a Pottsville paper of a man who was very much intoxicated the other day, and being arrested, was sent to "duressville." "Why did you bail him out?" asked a bystander. "Bail him out?" exclaimed the other; "by golly, you could not pump him out!"

An Irishman, speaking of the excellent facilities for travelling in the old country, avowed that a man could not only travel from London to Brighton cheaper than he could stay at home, but "an faith would not take half so long to do it."

## The Fortunes of Ephraim Doolittle FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY H. HASTINGS WELLS.

### CHAPTER I.

MR. PETER MARSDEN, a thriving dealer in "West India goods and General Groceries" in the city of Philadelphia, thirty years ago, was standing one morning at the wharf to watch the unloading of certain merchandizes which he had been advised, per mail, were shipped to him in the schooner "Three Sisters." Now, in all human probability, the articles aforesaid would have found their way from the hold of the schooner to the pier, and thence to the store, without his personal supervision; but in those days business was business, and people could not feel quite satisfied that they had done all that was necessary in the way of oversight, unless they were perfectly conscious that they had done all that was possible. Whatever effect Mr. Marsden's supervision had upon the debarkation of this particular lot of goods, we are not enabled to record; but his presence was the accident upon which turned the future life and fortunes of our hero, Master Ephraim Doolittle.

Ephraim was just at that point of time, a "curious specimen," as he delights now to remember and is not ashamed to say. His position on board the "Three Sisters" was not exactly defined, for it was his misfortune that the vessel belongs to his father. We say misfortune, because any man who has ever occupied a similar relation to the vessel he sailed in—to wit, as it is termed, "ship's cousin"—will fully admit and understand the propriety of the term. The sailors, jealous that the officers will show some extra favor to the lad who happens to be connected with the owners, take good care that he receives no decent treatment at their hands;—and the officers, anxious to vindicate themselves in the eyes of the men, visit upon him all the kicks and cuffs which ought in justice to be distributed among the whole crew. It is no wonder, then, that Ephraim was pronounced a stupid dolt, fore and aft. If a lad naturally clever enough becomes a temporary fool under such discipline, it is precisely the least and the most that can be expected of him.

Mr. Marsden's condescension kept him two or three days at the wharf, for business was then done on no indolent basis. As he had abundant opportunity to look about him, he could not help observing Ephraim, and he soon learned his name, too—for, as the by-word now runs, "he didn't hear anything else."

"You Eph!" the skipper shouted. "Ephraim!" called the mate, and "E-e-eph!" the second called. The cook cried "Ephraim!" and all the men sung the same song, until Mr. Marsden was fain to conclude, either that the skipper and all hands called "Eph" from instinct, as a crew caws every time his mouth opens, or else that the whole ship's company were of the tribe of Ephraim, and that the name applied to either and any, like the somewhat indefinite term of "somebody." The lad who answered, or rather who tried to answer all, and of course failed to satisfy any, of these various summons, was long and lank in figure, and careworn in face—as who can wonder. His head was always in advance of his person, like the scouts before the main body of an army, and his scraggy neck protruded beyond the collar of his red flannel shirt, like the necks of certain vultures which were a crimson crozier. That his legs were not overladen with adipose matter was evidenced by the crystalline singularity of his ankles and the almost transparency of the flesh, which seemed hardly sufficient to keep the tendons in the same sheath with the osseous formation of his limbs—the tops of his brogans and the hems of his trousers having long before parted company. He hurried hither and thither about the vessel in a most painful condition of uncertainty, attempting everything he was told to do, and able to perfect nothing—a most unhappy instance of perpetual motion;—and Mr. Marsden, who began by laughing at him, ended in real pity.

At last the merchant asked the skipper if "that young man was bound to him by the over-seers of the poor." The master of the "Three Sisters" opened his eyes in astonishment.

"What, he? What, that lazy good-for-nothing slack? Well, I do wish he was now, for I'd either beat something into him or turn him back on his hands a-wa-zing quick. That there fellow is Ephraim Doolittle, and his father owns the schooner."

It was now Mr. Marsden's turn to be surprised. While he pondered in silence, the skipper resumed—"Would go to sea. He thought it was fine fun, and as this here is his first voyage, I shouldn't be surprised if it was his last, too."

"Nor I," thought Mr. Marsden, who began to comprehend the inconvenience to the master of having an owner's son on board.

The skipper still ran on, till the merchant interrupted him with—"As he seems to be of so little use on board, suppose you give him a holiday to-morrow. Let him spend the day with me."

Now, Mr. Marsden had never asked even the skipper of the "Three Sisters" to his house—here was one reason why the boy should not go. And it would make him "uppish" and impatient, there was another. But just as the magnanimous skipper had determined to refuse, Mr. Marsden dropped some papers. The other, on picking them up, recognized his owner's handwriting in the direction of a letter, and thought it would be hardly safe to refuse to his employer's son what he would have granted to any other boy or man on board. And—though rather ungraciously—permission was given to Ephraim to accept the invitation. The skipper did not fail to call him Master Doolittle in presence of all hands, as he informed him that Mr. Marsden wanted him to go up and "clean his knives to-morrow, or something," and that he had "better wash his face for once in his life before he went." So Ephraim was "Mistered" for the rest of the day, much to his annoyance; but he had an indefinite hope of one day's peace, at any rate.

"Good morning, young man," said Mr. Marsden, as Ephraim presented himself at the counting room the next day; "but here's a trick up your sleeve." As he said this, he took from his back a square foot of tarred canvass, which one of his malicious shipmates had fastened to his coat buttons. Ephraim blushed to the roots of his hair, and—

### CHAPTER II.

Our Philadelphia merchant was a man of few words and close observation. Like all whose thoughts are more abundant than their words, he was a good judge of character; and he was not at all surprised when, upon reaching home, he found Ephraim as much at ease with his wife and daughter as if he had been born in the house and as graceful and unconstrained in his manners as the necessary awkwardness inseparable from growing limbs and the restraint of a fore-castle would admit. The voyage he made was a long one, for the "Three Sisters" had been one of the first vessels to profit by the cessation of hostilities with England, and her owner had kept her busily at work from port to port, and island to island, making her share of the harvest which the reopening of foreign commerce offered.

Mr. Marsden, if not a Yankee, was quite shrewd enough to cross a quill, which is the commercial lance, with any man north of Long Island Sound or south of it. He drew Ephraim into conversation, and found that neither his eyes nor his ears had been idle during his maritime experience, and he suggested to him that he should leave his father's schooner and his doubtful position at once, and take a desk in his counting room, Mr. M. himself undertaking to make all right with the parent. Ephraim was, of course, nothing averse to this arrangement. If he had been at home and his father had offered him a place in the counting-room, the result would have been different. Fear of the jokes of his companions and former playmates—nay, even of the young women, would have driven him to sea again. Few young men in New-England, thirty, or even twenty years ago could muster courage to come under the stigma of having "killed a sailor," as deserting the sea was called. It was held hardly less dishonorable than running away from an enemy in the field.

Miss Mary Marsden, only daughter of the merchant, considered our young friend a delightful oddity. She had become tired of all who grew up in her "set," and who had, of course, planned and squared all their thoughts and actions down to the conventionalisms of the place in which they grew. Ephraim, without intending it, passed with her for an original though he was just as wearisome like other Boston boys as the Philadelphians were like each other. But the bit of granite beside Pennsylvania, though unmovable at home, is quite a lion among limestone. Mary protested at first sight that he was a shocking clown, but her vanity was flattered by his blushes when she spoke of him; and by the time that Ephraim had become so much accustomed to her presence as no longer to blush, she had grown so habituated to him as no more to notice what at first seemed to her disagreeable—or if she observed, to cease to dislike them. Perhaps, too, Ephraim grew more like his neighbors. No body possesses a better aptitude of assimilation than the sensitive of the balls of the Yankee. The maxim, "Do in Rome as Romans do," if it did not originate in New England, is naturalized there.

In the counting-room the shrewd merchant found his Yankee clerk all that he had counted upon. He was more than a mere clerk, for, as we have already hinted, Mr. Marsden wanted him for something more than to flourish his pen—skilled as was the penmanship of Ephraim shown to be when he shed the rough, tarry skin of his hands, like a pair of worn out gloves, and recovered the sensitiveness of his hands, and the almost transparency of the flesh, which seemed hardly sufficient to keep the tendons in the same sheath with the osseous formation of his limbs—the tops of his brogans and the hems of his trousers having long before parted company. He hurried hither and thither about the vessel in a most painful condition of uncertainty, attempting everything he was told to do, and able to perfect nothing—a most unhappy instance of perpetual motion;—and Mr. Marsden, who began by laughing at him, ended in real pity.

"By land, I think," said Ephraim.

"You don't understand me. Shall it be as my clerk, as a discharged clerk with a good character, or as the company of Peter Marsden & Co.?" Come, you can take your choice."

Ephraim pondered. There were five brothers at home, and of the six he was the youngest. The father had put one in each of the three professions—two were in his father's counting-house, and Ephraim was not long in deciding. In the earnestness with which he thought, he forgot attention to forms, and was the Yankee boy over as he decided out—"Wal, I reckon I'll come in the firm, and very much obliged, indeed. I don't see—but I suppose—wal, but you know best—"

He might have stammered along half an hour but Mr. Marsden broke in upon his half answer, have reverie, with a loud laugh. Now, Peter Marsden seldom laughed at all, and never before had Ephraim heard him laugh aloud; and he looked up surprised. He was still more astonished when Mr. Peter Marsden, that staid old gentleman in top boots, commenced a series of imitations—"You Eph! E-e-eph!" he shouted, and then dashed out, in provokingly amusing tones, the word, "Ephraim—Ephraim—Ephraim!" in all the varieties of nasal and non-nasal intonations, to which our hero had been but too well accustomed two years before, on board of the "Three Sisters." Ephraim still stared in undisguised amazement. He feared his employer was going mad.

"Mr. Doolittle," said Peter Marsden at length, wiping the perspiration from his brows with his handkerchief, and settling his collar, as his manner was, when he wished to be impressive—"Doolittle, in the two years that you have been here, I have netted twenty thousand dollars."

Now, twenty thousand dollars was considered rather more than a fair two year's work thirty years ago. But what connection this had with the vocal gymnastics of his employer, Ephraim could not tell.

Mr. Marsden proceeded—"I consider that profit as having been mainly derived from my stumbling upon so capable and clever a Yankee as you are. I have not made a companion of a clerk for nothing, for it was from sundry West India hints that you dropped that I fell into the channel which I have so successfully followed. You have taken no undue advantage of the freedom which I have treated you, and have ever proved yourself in all respects worthy of confidence."

"Thank you, sir," said Ephraim.

"Now you excuse my mimicry just now, for your manner at that moment so forcibly brought back the Yankee boy that I could not help it."

Now, Mr. Doolittle, as I have derived so much advantage from you, it is no more than fair that you should share it. From this day a third of the profits shall be yours, and you are too good a business man not to work yourself an equal partner after a while."

Ephraim's heart was too full to answer, and

Mr. Marsden too considerate to give him an opportunity. He shook him warmly by the hand and left him. The first thing Ephraim did when he found himself alone was to begin aloud—"Wal, I swan to man!"

He started at the echo of his own Yankee voice uttering Yankeeisms, and silently quoted a certain proverb, "What is bred in the bone," &c.; but he did not trust his tongue with it.

### CHAPTER III.

The next day's paper contained the partnership notice of Marsden and Doolittle; and it was a pardonable vanity in Ephraim that he took care the advertisement should be published in Boston also, with a solicitation of consignments; Nor was this notice without its effect. Marsden & Co. soon had more than one man's share of the Boston business, and Peter Marsden was every day better satisfied than ever that he had done a good thing in taking in his young partner. It must have been high tide in the Delaware when Ephraim stepped ashore from the "Three Sisters," for no ebb tide could thus have taken him on to fortune. The reader need not be informed that the young merchant fully justified Mr. Marsden's predictions, and while he looked out well for the firm did no less for himself, and in a year or two from the date of his entrance into the co-partnership was considered a participant in the profits and equal owner in the stock. At length, indeed, Mr. Peter Marsden, who with every year that passed over him seemed to settle farther and farther down into his boots, was lost in them altogether, so far as any practical purpose was concerned. Ephraim had the whole business in his own hands, and it could not have been in better.

Changes took place in the household—where by the way, we might have said before, Ephraim had been domesticated from the first. He would quite as soon have thought of leaving the firm as of leaving his comfortable quarters in the old mansion—now alas obliterated, to make room for twenty-five wooden houses, built like a slim error with abundance of longitude and no latitude at all—a plague of such innovations on old-fashioned comfort, see! John, the son, was made a physician of, and carried his profession into practice by—putting a sign on the window-shutter of the breakfast-room, and nothing more. Mary grew matronly as her mother and father became infirm, and gradually assumed the whole charge of the household, in which she found it, by some unexplained and mysterious sympathy, more natural to ask for a notice of any body else; and he, accustomed to give counsel and direction answered as naturally as if Mary had been his sister. Offers of marriage Mary did not lack, for independent of her personal merits and attractions, there was her father's fortune to be considered. To all of these she turned a deaf ear, assigning as the reason that the persons were indifferent to her. This certainly was true, and was a good enough reason, as far as it went, and as it answered the purpose fully, she did not examine her heart or look into her motives for any other.

In process of time Mary Marsden passed entirely "out of the market," as the mercenary phrase is, and was dropped out of the list of marrying people. Occasionally a "calculating" offer was made her by some person who wished to marry as a matter of convenience, and reckoned upon the usefulness of a wife as he would upon any piece of merchandise which he thought of purchasing. Mary was too shrewd to look for a notice of suitors who require a "charakter" from their intended, as one asks reference from a clerk or a recommendation from a new domestic. So she became what is called an old maid—tut is to say, a kind-hearted, benevolent and industrious girl, content assiduously to support the tottering steps of her parents down the declivity of years, piously to minister to their comforts, and patiently to endure their natural grumpiness as the eye became dim and the things which once pleased palled upon their worn-out senses.

How lovely is such a woman—lovely, indeed, in mind and in heart, strewing the paths of those around her with flowers, while the only participation in them that she asks is the delight of making others happy! Ever ready with kind offices, self-sacrificing, indefatigable, and habitually meek and uncomplaining, if her face seemed sometimes careworn, it was not with repinings for herself, but that she assumed with generous sympathy the distress of others. If the frivolities of the hour did not interest her, she thought those pronounced her "bore." "They did not see the heavenly smile which lighted up her face when her father or mother made some unpremeditated expression of pleasure—they did not hear the grateful voice of the soul ready to perish when it arose in benisons upon her name. Such are 'old maids!' The world does not know them; if it did, nothing but the most resolute obstinacy on their part could keep the class extant."

Ephraim was not, of course, insensible to the excellent character of her who was so long an inmate of the house with him. But Ephraim was eminently conservative, and held it to be sound principle always to "let well enough alone." Everything in the house went on like clock-work. John smoked in his den down stairs, and Mary quietly closed the doors when the smoke crept up and made her mother cough. Peter Marsden regularly dined through the advertising columns of the United States Gazette and Poulson's Daily Advertiser from the force of habit, and if the day was fine rode down for an hour to his counting-room. Ephraim came regularly home to dinner, and as regularly spent his evenings in the house, and Mary talked or listened as she detailed domestic incidents; or he brought home the news from out of doors. He had not a thought beyond the enjoyment of his present quiet and exceeding content. Perhaps Mary had her thoughts—but what can a woman do, you know!

One morning when Ephraim went down to his warehouse he found, as he entered, his easy, broadest chair, which had an expansion of legs which seemed sufficient to defy Archimedes to push the high back out of the perpendicular, tilted up! From one side of the seat issued one leg of a man, the foot resting upon the desk; and the wooden pegs in the sole of the other shoe were exhibited to the passers-by in the street as specimens of the best Yankee manufacture. A long and strong cigar emitted jets of villainous smoke from a head in the chair, which head seemed to have some connection with the legs aforesaid, and two long arms widely spread held up the morning paper. Upon hearing footsteps, these extensively distributed democratic limbs gathered themselves together in acknowledgement of a federal union, the chair came down with a bang, and Captain Obed Weathermaine, going through in his several limbs as many evolutions as the column of an army recovering from a repulse, stood up before Ephraim an unbroken pillar of humanity.

"Mr. Dewitt, how do ye dew?"  
"Hulloa—what—my old friend, Captain Obed! I haven't seen you before since I landed from the 'Three Sisters.'"

"No more have I. Wal, the 'Three Sisters' was landed here, several years ago, spunk on Cohasset rocks."

"That was unlucky."

"Kivered by insurance—total loss—to the underwriters. Well, how's your children?"

Ephraim blushed, and said he was not married.

"Now, dew tell. Why, we had it in Boston that you'd married old Peter Marsden's daughter long enough ago. Why, what in water have you been thinking of?"  
"Sure enough, thought Ephraim—and wonder that this had never occurred to him before!—He got rid of his troublesome visitor as soon as possible, for when a Yankee takes an idea it does not rest for want of turning. Mary Marsden did not talk with half so much innocent indifference to Ephraim after that evening, until a few weeks more, when the hymeneal head of the newspapers having made the whole matter public, Mary and Ephraim were on as easy and unconstrained terms as ever again. Thus were Captain Obed Weathermaine's two visits to Philadelphia the making of Ephraim Doolittle's fortune, whether Obed derived any particular advantage from them himself or not."

## CONGRESSIONAL SYNOPSIS.

### MEETING OF CONGRESS.

MONDAY, DEC. 7, 1846.—The constitutional day for the meeting of the second session of the 29th Congress. At noon G. M. DALLAS, assumed the chair and upon the call of the roll, the following members answered to their names.

Maine—Evans and Fairfield. New Hampshire—Atherton and Cilly. Massachusetts—Davis and Webster. Vermont—Phelps and Upham. Connecticut—Huntingdon. N. York—Dickinson and Dix. New Jersey—Miller. Pennsylvania—Cameron and Sturgeon. Delaware—T. Clayton. Maryland—Johnson and Pearce. Virginia—Archer and Pennington. N. Carolina—Mangum. S. Carolina—Edmunds. Georgia—Colquitt. Alabama—Bagley and Lewis. Mississippi—Spaight. Louisiana—Barrow and Johnson. Tennessee—Jarvis and Turney. Kentucky—Crittenden and Morehead. Ohio—Allen and Corwin. Illinois—Brees and Semple. Missouri—Atchison and Benton. Arkansas—Ashley and Sevier. Michigan—Cass and Woodbridge. Florida—Westcott and Yulee.

On motion of Mr. Spaight, it was Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate inform the House of Representatives that a quorum has assembled, and that it is ready to proceed to business.

On motion of Mr. Sevier, ordered that the daily hour of meeting of the Senate be at 12 o'clock meridian, until otherwise ordered.

On motion of Mr. Cameron, ordered that the number of papers be supplied to each Senator, (not to exceed three daily papers.)

On motion of Mr. Brees, ordered that a committee be appointed jointly with a House committee to inform the President that Congress was ready to receive any communication he might be pleased to make.

At one o'clock Mr. Brees of said committee reported that the President would make a communication to both houses at 12 o'clock tomorrow. Adjourned.

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

At 12 o'clock Mr. John W. Davis, speaker, took the chair and the roll being called 185 members answered to their names, viz:

Maine—Messrs. Dunlap, Hamlin, Sawtelle, Scammon, Severance, and Williams.

New Hampshire—Johnson, Moulton and Norris.

Massachusetts—Abbott, Ashmun, Grinnell, Hudson, King, Rockwell, Thompson and Winthrop.

Rhode Island—Arnold and Cranston.

Connecticut—Dixon, Hubbard, Rockwell and Smith.

Vermont—Collamer, Dillingham, Foot and Smith.

New York—Anderson, Benton Campbell, Carroll, Collin, Culver, De Mett, Ellsworth, Goodyear, Gordon, Grover, Holmes, Hough, Hungerford, Hunt, Jenkins, King, Lawrence, Lewis, Mackley, Miller, Mosely, Niven, Rathbun, Russell, Seaman Smith, Strong, Wheaton, White, Woodruff, Woodworth and Wood.

New Jersey—Black, Blanchard, Broadhead, Buffington, Darrah, Erdman, Garvin, C. J. Ingersoll, J. R. Ingersoll, Leib, Levin, McLairne, McClean, Pollock, Ramsey, Ritter, Stewart, Strohm, and Yost.

Delaware—Mr. Houston.

Maryland—Chapman Long and Perry.

Virginia—Atkinson, Bayly, Brown, Capman, Dromgoole, Hopkins, Hunter, Johnson, Pendleton, Sedon and Treadway.

North Carolina—Barringer, Biggs, Daniel, Deberry, Graham, McKay, and Reid.

South Carolina—Black, But Holmes, Rhett, Simpson and Woodard.

Georgia—Cobb, Harlison, Jones, King, Lumpkin, and Stephens.

Kentucky—Boyd, Davis, Grider, Martin, McHenry, Thomasson, Tibbatts, Trumbo, Young.

Tennessee—Brown, Chase, Cocke, Crozier, Cullum, Gentry, Johnson, Jones, Martin and Stanton.

Ohio—Brinkerhoff, Cummins, Cunningham, Faran, Fries, Giddings, Harper, McDowell, Morris, Perrell, Root, Sawyer, Schenck, Starkweather, St. John, Thurman, Tilden, Vance and Vinton.

Louisiana—Morse, La Sere and Thibodeaux.

Indiana—Cathcart, Davis, Henley, Kennedy, McGaughey, Owen, Pettit, Carel B. Smith, Thomas Smith and Wick.

Mississippi—Adams, Roberts and Thomeon.

Illinois—Douglas, Ficklin, Hoge, McClelland, Smith and Wentworth.

Alabama—Hilliard and Payne.

Missouri—Bowlin, Phelps, Relif, and Sims.

Michigan—Chapman, Hunt, and McClelland.

Texas—Mr. Pillsbury.

Wisconsin—Mr. Martin, (Delegate.)

Iowa—Mr. Dodge, (Do.)

NEW MEMBERS.—The following new members appeared and were qualified according to law. Mass. Artemas Hale. N. York, T. C. Ripley, to fill the vacancy made by the death of the Hon. Mr. Herriek. Ala. James T. Ottrell in place of Yancy, resigned, and Franklin W. Bowen in place of McConnell deceased. Mo. Wm. McDaniel in place of Price resigned. The further business transacted was the appointment of the committee to wait upon the President—the drawing for seats—the admission of the Reporter of the New York Tribune (expelled last winter, for alleged contempt of

privilege) to a seat in the House. The reception of a communication from the Clerk in reference to incidental expenses—furnishing each member with newspapers, (not to exceed thirty dollars each) and fixing the hour of meeting of twelve. House adjourned.

## ARRIVAL OF THE CANBRIA.

Fifteen Days Later from Europe.

ALBANY, DEC. 18.

2 o'clock, P. M.

The *Canbria* arrived at Boston at 10 o'clock on Wednesday evening. The political and commercial news received by this arrival is important. The papers are filled with accounts of outrages of every kind upon persons and property. Great alarm is manifested at the open traffic in firearms among the peasantry. Trade is dull. The English grain markets are animated, and previous prices of flour maintained.

No change in provisions. The cotton market, after the arrival of the *Britania* on the 1st inst. became very animated, and large sales were made at an advance of 3 1/4 per lb. On the 3d inst., the market firmly, with a tendency to a further advance. The movement, however, is considered by practical men as speculative. Money was abundant and easy to be had at 2 1/4 cent, per annum, on first class 3 per cent.

The comparative quotations of the most important articles of consumption by the steamer of the 19th ult., and 4th inst., will show the movement which has taken place. Nov. 19, United States red wheat 82 1/2 a 84 1/2; United States white do 82 1/2 a 84 1/2; Indian corn 52 1/2 a 54; U. States free flour 31 1/2 a 31; United States bonded 29 1/2 a 30 1/2.

Dec. 4—United States red wheat 84 1/2 a 86 1/2; U. S. white do. 84 1/2 a 86 1/2; Indian corn 54 1/2 a 56; U. S. free flour 33 1/2 a 34 1/2. Bonded 31 1/2 a 32 1/2.

[The Telegraph worked badly, and we cannot exactly understand these figures, unless they are meant for London and Liverpool quotations.] Since the 1st instant, the market for flour and grain had not been buoyant, and there was a disposition to recede. Indian corn is in demand, and brought full prices.

Parliament was to meet on the 19th January for the despatch of business. The steamship *Great Britain* had suffered so severely from the gale on the 30th ult., that she is considered a total loss.

The Liverpool trade, from the 19th, ult. to the present date, Dec. 1st, has been fairly improved, and more activity prevails. 1000 bbls. bonded flour were taken for investment. Philadelphia and Baltimore commanding 25s. a 26s. 6d. and prime Western 30s per barrel. Wheat was purchased more freely on the 24th ult.

The last number of the European Times says Canadian United States flour duty paid, received an advance of 1s per barrel, and the latter in bond obtained a similar improvement.

OPENING OF THE PORTS.—No less than four deputations from the different parts of the metropolis waited on Lord JOHN RUSSELL, at his office in Downing street London, on the 21st ult. for the purpose of presenting memorials to the Lords of the Treasury, calling on Government to open the ports to the admission of western corn, duty free. His lordship expressed a hope of their wishes being realized.

PORTUGAL.—The royal cause was considered so hopeless that apartments had been provided in Windsor Castle for the fugitive Queen and her court. At the last advices, however, the desertion from the popular force was frequent, but it was doubtful whether the Queen could retain her throne. The people are discontented and labor under feelings very unkind to the existing order of things.

RUSSIA.—An extraordinary Gazette announces that on the 16th day of October, the troops of Schamyl were completely defeated with 800 men killed, 300 taken prisoners,